

THE
REPRISAL:

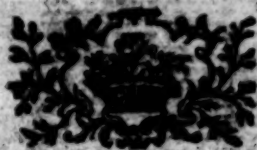
OR, THE
TARS of Old England. *643. h. 3*
10 *R*

A
COMEDY
OF TWO ACTS,

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By Tobias Smollet.



LONDON:

Printed for R. BALDWIN, in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLVII.

(Price One Shilling.)

REPRESENTATIVE

OF THE

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OF TWO VOLUMES

THEATRE ROYAL

DRURY LANE



LONDON

Printed by W. Baskin, in Strand

MDCCLXXV

(1775)

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

*A*N antient sage, when death approach'd his bed,
Consign'd to Pluto his devoted head;
And, that no fiend might hiss, or prove uncivil,
With vows and pray'rs he fairly brib'd the Devil:
Yet neither vows nor pray'rs, nor rich oblation,
Cou'd always save the sinner—from damnation.

Thus authors, tottering on the brink of fate,
The critick's rage with prologues deprecate;
Yet oft the trembling bard implores in vain,
The wis profess'd, turns out a dunce in grain:
No plea can then avert the dreadful sentence,
He must be damn'd—in spite of all repentance.

Here justice seems from her straight line to vary,
No guilt attends a fact involuntary;
This maxim the whole cruel charge destroys,
No Poet sure was ever dull—by choice.

So pleads our Culprit in his own defence,
You cannot prove his dullness is—prepenſe.

He means to please—He owns no other view;
And now presents ye with—a Sea-ragout.
A diſh—howe'er you reliſh his endeavours,
Replete with a variety of flavours:

A stout Hibernian, and ferocious Scot,
Together boil in our enchanted pot;
To taint theſe viands with the true fumet,
He ſhreds a muſty, vain, French—marinet.
This ſtale ingredient might our porridge marr
Without ſome acid juice of Engliſh tar.
To rouse the appetite the drum ſhall rattle,
And the deſert ſhall be a bloodleſs battle.

What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
When Britain's wrath arrous'd begins to lighten?
Her thunders roll—her fearleſs ſons advance,
And her red enſigns wave o'er the pale flow'rs of France.

Such game our fathers play'd in days of yore,
When Edward's banners fann'd the Gallick ſhore;

HEARTLY, a young gentleman of }
Dorsetshire, in love with HAR- } Mr. Usher.
RIET, of which the Duke of

CHAMPIGNON, commander of a } Mr. *Blakes*.
French Frigate,

MACLAYMORE, a Scotch ensign in } Mr. Johnston.
the French service,

HAULYARD, a midshipman, Mr. *Beard*.

HARRIET, a young lady of Dorsetshire betrothed to HEARTLY, } Miss Macklin.

Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

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THE
REPRISAL:

OR, THE
TARS of Old England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

HEARTLY, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

WELL, if this be taking diversion on the water, God send me safe on English ground! and if ever I come in sight of the Sea again, may a watry grave be my portion. First, to be terrified with the thoughts of drowning—Secondly, to be tossed and tumbled about like a foot-ball—Thirdly, to be drenched with Sea-water—Fourthly, to be stunk to death with pitch and tar and the savoury scent of my fellow-sufferers—Fifthly, to be racked with per-

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petual puking "till my guts are turned inside out"—
And sixthly and lastly, to be taken prisoner and
plundered by the French!

HEARTLY.

Enough—— Enough——

BRUSH.

Enough!—aye, and to spare—I wish I could
give part to those who envy my good fortune——
But, how will the good Lady Bloomwell moralize
when she finds her daughter Miss Harriet is fallen
into the hands of Monsieur de Champignon?

HEARTLY.

No more——that reflection alarms me!—yet I
have nothing to fear—as there is no war declared,
we shall soon be released: and in the mean time
the French will treat us with their usual polite-
ness.

BRUSH.

Pox on their politeness! ah master! commend
me to the blunt sincerity of the true surly British
mastiff——The rascallion that took my purse
bowed so low, and paid me so many compliments,
that I ventured to argue the matter in hopes of
convincing him he was in the wrong—but he soon
stopped my mouth with a vengeance, by clapping
a cocked pistol to my ear, and telling me he should
have the honour to blow my brains out—Another
of those polite gentlemen begged leave to ex-
change hats with me—A third fell in love with
my silver shoe-buckles—Nay, that very individual
nice buttock of beef, which I had just begun to
survey with looks of desire, after the dismal eva-
cuation I had undergone, was ravished from my
sight by two famished French wolves, who beheld
it with equal joy and astonishment.

HEARTLY.

I must confess they plundered us with great dex-
terity and dispatch; and even Monsieur de Cham-
pignon

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pignon the commander did not keep his hands clear of the pillage—An instance of rapaciousness I did not expect to meet with in a gentleman and an officer.—Sure he will behave as such to Harriet!

BRUSH.

Faith! not to flatter you, Sir, I take him to be one of those fellows who owe their good fortune to nothing less than their good works—He first rifled your mistress, and then made love to her with great gallantry—but you was in the right to call yourself her brother—if he knew you were his rival you might pass your time very disagreeably.

HEARTLY.

There are two officers on board, who seem to disapprove of his conduct; they would not be concerned in robbing us, nor would they suffer their soldiers to take any share of the prey, but condoled Harriet and me on our misfortune, with marks of real concern.

BRUSH.

You mean lieutenant Oclabber and ensign Mac-laymore, a couple of damn'd renegadoes!—you lean upon a broken reed if you trust to their compassion.

HEARTLY.

Oclabber I knew at Paris, when I travelled with my brother, and he then bore the character of an honest man and a brave officer—The other is an Highlander, excluded (I suppose) from his own country on account of the late rebellion; for that reason, perhaps, more apt to pity the distressed.—I see them walking this way in close conference—While I go down to the cabin to visit my dear Harriet, you may lounge about and endeavour to over-hear their conversation.

[*exunt.*]

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SCENE

8 The REPRISAL: or,

SCENE II.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Arrah, for what?—I don't value Monsieur de Champignon a rotten potatoe; and when the ship goes ashore, I will be after asking him a civil question, as I told him to his face, when he turned his back upon me in the cabin.

MACLAYMORE.

Weel, weel, maister Oclabber, I wonna tak upon me to say a'together ye're in the wrang—but ye ken there's a time for a'things; and we man gang hooly and fairly while we're under command.

OCLABBER.

You may talk as you please, Mr. Maclaymore—you're a man of learning, Honey. Indeed, indeed I am always happy when you are spaiking, whether I'm asleep or awake a gra. But, by my faoul I will maintain, after the breath is out of my body, that "the English pleasure boat had no right to be taken before the declaration of war;" much more the prisoners to be plundered, which you know is the prerogative of pyrates and privateers.

MACLAYMORE.

To be sure, the law of nations does na prescind that privilege in actual war; for ye ken in ancient times, the victor teuk the *spolia opima*; and in my country to this very day we follow the auld practice, *pecudum prædas agere*. But, then, ye man tak notice, nae gentleman wad plunder a leddy—awa', awa'!—fie for shame! and a right sonsy damsel too. I'm sure it made my heart wae, to see the saut brine come happing o'er her winsome cheeks.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn me! but my bowels wept salt water to see her sweet face look so sorrowful — och! the delicate creature! — she's the very moral of my own honey dear Sheelah o'Shannaghan "whom I left big with child in the county of Fermanaghan, grammachree!" — Ochone my dear Sheelah! — "Look here, she made me this sword-belt of the skin of a sea wolf, that I shot at the mouth of the Shannon — and I gave her at parting, a nun's discipline to keep her sweet flesh in order — och! my dear honey captain, (cried she) I shall never do penance, but I will be thinking of you" — Ah poor Sheelah she once met with a terrible misfortune gra: we were all a merry-making at the castle of Ballyclough; and so Sheelah having drank a cup too much, honey, fell down stairs out of a window. When I came to her she told me she was speechless; "and by my shoul it was tree long weeks before she got upon her legs again:" then I composed a lamentation in the Irish tongue — and sung it to the tune of *drimmendoo*; but, a friend of mine of the order of St. Francis, has made a relation of it into English, and it goes very well to the words of Elen a Roon.

MACLAYMORE.

"Whether is't an elegy or a ode?"

OCLABBER.

"How the devil can it be odd, when the verses are all even?"

MACLAYMORE.

"Gif it be an elegy, it must be written in the carmen elegiacum; or giff it be an ode, it may be momocolos, dicolos, tetraastrophos, — or perhaps its loose iambics.

OCLABBER.

10 The R E P R I S A L: or,

OCLABBER.

“ Arra, upon my conscience I believe it is
“ simple shambrucks, honey.” but if you’ll hold
your tongue you shall see with your own eyes.

S O N G.

I.

Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ye swains of the Shannon, fair Sheelah is gone,
Ochone my dear jewel;
Why was you so cruel
Amidst my companions to leave me alone?

II.

Tho’ Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
Tho’ Teague shut the casement in Bally-clough hall;
In the dark she was groping;
And found it wide open;
Och! the devil himself could not stand such a fall.

III.

In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
In beholding your charms, I can see them no more,
If you’re dead do but own it;
Then you’ll hear me bemoan it;
For in loud lamentations your fate I’ll deplore.

IV.

“ Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
“ Devil curse this occasion with tumults and strife!
“ O! the month of November,
“ She’ll have cause to remember
“ As a black letter day all the days of her life.”

V.

With a rope I could catch the dear creature I’ve lost!
With a rope I could catch the dear creature I’ve lost!
But, without a dismission,
I’d lose my commission,
And be hang’d with disgrace for deserting my post.
Shall

Shall I never see you, my lovely Sheelah, these seven long years?—An it pleased God to bring us within forty miles of each other, I would never desire to be nearer, all the days of my life.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot-fie! Captain Oclabber, whare's a' your philosophy? — did ye never read Seneca *de Consolatione*?—or Volufenus, my countryman, *de Tranquillitate Animi*?— I'se warrant we have left a bonny lass too, in the braes of Lochaber — my yellow hair'd deary that won't to meet me amang the hether.—Heigh firs! how she grat and cried, *waes my heart that we should sunder*.—Whisht, what's a that rippet? [A noise of drums.

OCLABBER.

Arra-mon-deaul! they are beating our grenadier's march, as if the enemy was in view: but, I shall fetch them off long enough before they begin to charge; or, by St. Patrick! I'll beat their skulls to a pancake.

“ MACLAYMORE. [To a bag piper crossing the stage

“ Whare are ye ga'ane with the moosic, Donald?

PIPER.

“ Guid fait! an please your honour, the commander has sent for her to play a spring to the
“ fasenach damsel: but, her nain sell wad na
“ pudge the length of her tae, without your honour's order — and she'll gar a' the men march
“ before her with the Pritish flag and the rest of
“ the plunder.

MACLAYMORE.

“ By my saul! he's a gowk, and a gauky, to
“ ettle at diverting the poor lassie with the puppet-
“ shew of her ain misfortune — but, howsom-
“ ever, Donald, ye may gang and entertain her
“ with a pibroch of Macreeman's composition;
“ and

"and if she has any taste for moosic, ye'll soon
"gar her forget her disafter.

OCLABBER.

"Arrah, now, since that's the caase, I would
"not be guilty of a rude thing to the lady; and
"if it be done to compose her spirits, by my
"saoul! the drum shall beat till she's both deaf
"and dumb, before I tell it to leave off—but,
"we'll go and see the proceffion. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Proceffion.

"[First, the bag-pipe—then a ragged, dirty sheet for
"the French colours—a file of soldiers in tatters—
"the English prisoners—the plunder, in the midst
"of which is an English buttock of beef carried on
"the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen. The
"drum followed by a crew of French sailors.]"

CHAMPIGNON. HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you see de fortune of de war —
my fate be admirable capricieux — you be de pri-
sonier of my arm—I be de cautive of your eye —
by gar! my gloire turn to my disgrace!

HARRIET.

Truly, I think, so too—for, nothing can be
more disgraceful than what you have done.

CHAMPIGNON.

Den vat I ave done! — parbleu! I not under-
stand vat you mean, madame — I ave de honor
to carry off one great victoire over de Englis.

HARRIET.

You have carried off an unarmed boat contrary
to the law of nations; and rifled the passengers, in
opposition to the dictates of justice and humanity

— I

— I should be glad to know what a common robber could do worse.

CHAMPIGNON.

Common robber! — Madam, your serviteur tres humble — de charm of your esprit be as brilliant as de attraits of your personne: in one and t'oder you be parfaitement adorable — souffrez den dat I present my 'art at your altar.

HARRIET.

If you have any heart to present, it must be a very stale sacrifice — for my own part I have no taste for the *fumet*; so you had better keep it for the ladies of your own country.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle! — de ladies en France will felicite demselves dat you renonce de tendre of monsieur de Champignon. — “Madame la duchesse — “mais taisons —” alte la — et la belle marquise! ah quelles âmes! — vanité apart, madam, I ave de honneur to be one man à bonnes fortunes. — diable m'empôte! 'till I rencontre your invincible eye, I ave alway de same succès in love as in war.

HARRIET.

I dare say you have been always equally lucky and wise.

CHAMPIGNON.

“Ah ma charmante! — dat is more of your bonté den of my merite — permettez donc, dat I amuse you wid the transports of my flame.

HARRIET.

“In a proper place, I believe I should find them very entertaining.”

CHAMPIGNON.

How you ravish me, my princess! — avouez donc, you 'ave de sentimens for my personne — parbleu! it is all your generosité — dere is noting extraordinary in my personne, diable m'empôte! hai, hai.

[Cuts a caper.

HARRIET.

HARRIET.

Indeed, monsieur, you do yourself injustice; for, you are certainly the most extraordinary person I had ever the honour to see.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah, ah, madame! I die under the charge of your politesse — your approbation ave dissipé de brouillard dat envelope ma fantasie — your smile inspire me wid allegresse — allons! vive l'amour! — la, la, la, la, —

HARRIET.

What a delicate pipe! I find, monsieur, you're alike perfect in all your accomplishments.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, your slave eternellement — personnes of gout ave own dat me sing de chansonettes not altogether too bad, before I ave de honour to receive one ball de pistolet in my gorge, wen I board de Englis man of war, one, two, three, four, ten year ago — I take possession sabre a la main; but, by gar, de ennemi be opiniatre! — dey refuse to submit and carry me to Plimout — dere I apprehend your tongue, madame — dere I dance, and ave de gallantries parmi les belles filles Angloises — I teash dem to love — they teash me to sing your jolies vaudevilles. — *A coblere dere was, and be live in one stall* — Hai, hai! how you taste my talens, madame?

HARRIET.

Oh! you sing inchantingly; and so natural, one would imagine you had been a cobbler all the days of your life — Ha, ha, ha!

CHAMPIGNON.

Hai, hai, hai! — if you not flatter me, madame, I be more happy dan Charlemagne — but I ave fear dat you mocquez de moi — tell a me of

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of grace, my princeſſe, vat ſort of lover you ſhoofe
— I vil transform myſelf for your plaiſir.

HARRIET.

I will not ſay what ſort of lover I like; but I'll
ſing what ſort of lover I deſpiſe.

CHAMPIGNON. (*Aſide.*)

By gar, ſhe love me eperduement.

S O N G.

From the man whom I love, tho' my heart I
diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe,
And if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

II.

A wit without ſenſe, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow:
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a gaſcoon.

III.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſehood a fox,
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks;
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as an hog,
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

IV.

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet, if he has ſenſe but to ballance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu, madame, you ſing a merveilles —
but, by gar, de figure be ver ſingulier.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

HARRIET. CHAMPIGNON. HEARTLY.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monf. Artlie, I have de honour to be your most umble serviteur — mademoiselle your sister ave des perfections of an ange; but she be cold as de albâtre. You do me good office — I become of your alliance — you command my service.

HEARTLY. From the man I love, my heart I prize you more.
I hope my sister will set a proper value upon your addresses: and you may depend upon my best endeavours to persuade her to treat your passion as it deserves.

CHAMPIGNON.

As it deserve! — mardy! dat is all I desire — den I treat you as one prince. [*A servant whispers and retires.*] Comment! que m'importe — madame I must leave you for one moment to de garde of Monf. your broder; but I return in one twinkle. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

HEARTLY. HARRIET.

HEARTLY.

My dear Harriet, have you good nature enough to forgive me for having exposed you to all these dangers and misfortunes?

HARRIET.

I can't but be pleased with an event which has introduced me to the acquaintance of the accomplished Champignon, ha, ha, ha!

HEARTLY.

You can't imagine how happy I am to see you bear

bear your misfortune with such good humour, after the terror you underwent at our being taken.

HARRIET.

I was indeed terribly alarmed when a cannon shot came whistling over our heads; and not a little dejected when I found myself a prisoner — but, I imagine all danger diminishes, or at least loses part of its terror, the nearer you approach it: and as for this Champignon, he is such a contemptible fellow, that upon recollection, I almost despise myself for having been afraid of him. — O my conscience! I believe all courage is acquired from practice. — I don't doubt but in time I should be able to stand a battery, myself.

HEARTLY.

Well, my fair Thalestris, should you ever be attacked, I hope the aggressor will fall before you. — Champignon has certainly exceeded his orders, and we shall be released as soon as a representation can be made to the French court.

HARRIET.

I should be loth to trouble the court of France with matters of so little consequence. Don't you think it practicable to persuade the captain to set us at liberty? There is one figure in rhetoric which I believe he would hardly resist.

HEARTLY.

I guess your meaning, and the experiment shall be tried, if we fail of success from another quarter. I intend to make myself known to Oclabber, with whom I was formerly acquainted, and take his advice. He and the Scotch ensign are at variance with Champignon, and disapprove of our being made prisoners.

B

SCENE

SCENE VI.

HEARTLY. HARRIET. BRUSH.

HEARTLY TO BRUSH.

Well, sir, you have been fishing the bonny Scot: have you caught any intelligence?

BRUSH.

Sir, I have done your business — Capt. Macclaymore and I have been drinking a bottle of four wine to the health of Miss Harriet and your worship; in a word, he is wholly devoted to your service.

HARRIET.

“ Pray, Mr. Brush, what method did you take
“ to ingratiate yourself with that proud, stalking
“ Highlander?

BRUSH.

“ I won his heart with some transient encomi-
“ ums on his country. I affected to admire his
“ plaid, as an improvement on the Roman toga;
“ swore it was a most soldierly garb; and said, I
“ did not wonder to see it adopted by a nation
“ equally renowned for learning and valour.

HEARTLY.

“ These insidious compliments could not fail to
“ undermine his loftiness.

BRUSH.

“ He adjusted his bonnet, rolled his quid from
“ one cheek to the other, threw his plaid over
“ his left shoulder with an air of importance,
“ strutted to the farther end of the deck; then
“ returning with his hard features unbended into
“ a ghastly smile, ‘ By my faul! man (says
“ he) ye’re na fule; I see ye ken foo weel how to
“ mak proper distinctions — you and I man be
“ better acquainted.’ — I bowed very low in re-
“ turn

“ turn for the great honour he did me — hinted,
 “ that, though now I was in the station of a ser-
 “ vant, I had some pretensions to family; and
 “ sighing, cried *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur*
 “ *in illis.*

HEARTLY.

“ That scrap of Latin was a home thrust. —
 “ You see, sirrah, the benefit of a charity-school.

BRUSH.

“ Ay, little did I think, when I was flogged
 “ for neglecting my accidence, that ever my learn-
 “ ing would turn to such account — Captain
 “ Maclaymore was surprized to hear me speak
 “ Latin: yet he found fault with my pronuncia-
 “ tion. — He shook me by the hand, though I
 “ was a little shy of that compliment, and said
 “ he did not expect to find flowers under a nettle:’
 “ but I put him in mind of the singat cat, for I
 “ was better than I was bonny — then he car-
 “ ried me to his cabin, where we might discourse
 “ more freely; told me the captain was a *light-*
 “ *headed guse*, and expressed his concern at your
 “ captivity, which he said was a flagrant infrac-
 “ tion of the treaty of *Aix la Chapelle.*

HARRIET.

“ There I hope you backed his opinion with all
 “ your eloquence.

BRUSH.

“ I extolled his understanding; interested his
 “ gallantry in the cause of a distressed lady; and
 “ in order to clinch my remonstrance, told him
 “ that my master’s great grandmother’s aunt was
 “ a Scotchwoman of the name of Mackintosh,
 “ and that Mr. Heartly piqued himself on the
 “ Highland blood that ran in his veins.

HEARTLY.

“ I’m obliged to your invention for the honour
 “ of

“ of that alliance — I hope the discovery had a
 “ proper effect upon my cousin Maclaymore.

BRUSH.

“ He no sooner heard that particular, than he
 “ started up, crying, ‘ What the deil say ye?
 “ Mackintosh! — swunds man! that’s the name
 “ of my ain mither — wha kens but mester Heartly
 “ and I may be coozens seventeen times removed :’
 “ then he gave me a full account of his pedigree
 “ for twelve generations, and hawked up the names
 “ of his progenitors till they set my teeth on edge :
 “ to conclude,” he has promised to give you all
 the assistance in his power, and even to favour our
 escape ; for, over and above his other motives,
 I find he longs to return to his own country, and
 thinks a piece of service done to an English gentle-
 man may enable him to gratify that inclination.

HEARTLY.

But what scheme have you laid for our escape?

BRUSH.

The boat is along side, — our men are permitted
 to walk the deck — when the captain retires to
 rest, and the watch is relieving, nothing will be
 more easy than to step on board of our own galley,
 cut the rope, hoist the sails, and make the best of
 our way to Old England.

HEARTLY.

But, you don’t consider that Mr. de Champig-
 non, if alarmed, may slip his cable and give us
 chase — nay, compliment us with a dish of
 sugar plumbs that may be very hard of digestion.

BRUSH.

There, the friendship of Maclaymore will be of
 service ; for, as soon as our flight is known, he
 and his men, on pretence of being alert, will make
 such a bustle and confusion, that nothing can be
 done until we are out of their reach ; and then we
 must

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must trust to our canvas and the trim of our vessel, which is a prime sailer.

HARRIET.

The project is feasible, and may be the more practicable, if the Irish lieutenant can be brought to co-operate with the ensign.

HEARTLY.

Odso! there he comes — Brush go and wait upon Miss Harriet to her cabin, while I accost this Hibernian.

S C E N E VII.

HEARTLY. OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

Your humble servant, sir — I hope the lady is pleased with her accommodation — don't you begin to be refreshed with the French air blowing over the sea? — upon my conscience! now, it's so delicate and keen, that for my own part, honey, I have been as hungry as an Irish wolf dog, ever since I came to this kingdom.

HEARTLY.

Sir, I thank you for your kind inquiry — I am no stranger to the French air, nor to the politeness of Capt. Oclabber — What! have you quite forgot your old acquaintance?

OCLABBER.

Acquaintance, honey! — by my saoul! I should be proud to recollect your countenance, though I never saw you before in the days of my life.

HEARTLY.

Don't you remember two Englishmen at Paris, about three years ago, of the name of Heartly?

OCLABBER.

Ub ub oo! — by Shaint Patrick I remember

you as well as nothing in the world — Arrah, now, whether is it your own self or your brother?

HEARTLY.

My brother died of a consumption soon after our return to England.

OCLABBER.

Ah! God rest his soul, poor gentleman — but it is a great comfort to a man to be after dying in his own country — I hope he was your elder brother, gra. — Oh! I remember you two made one with us at the Hotel de Buffy — by my saoul! we were very merry and frolicksome; and you know I hurt my ancle, and my foot swelled as big as tree potatoes — by the same token I sent for a rogue of a surgeon, who subscribed for the cure, and wanted to make a hand of my foot. — Mr. Heartly, the devil fly away with me, but I am proud to see you, and you may command me without fear or affection, gra.

HEARTLY.

Sir, you are extremely kind; and may, I apprehend, do me a good office with Capt. Champignon, who, I cannot help saying, has treated us with very little ceremony.

OCLABBER.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Heartly, we officers don't choose to find fault with one another; because there's a discipline and subordination to be observed, you know; — therefore I shall say nothing of him as an officer, honey; but, as a man, my dear, by the mass, he's a meer baist.

HEARTLY.

I'm glad to find your opinion of him so conformable to my own. — I understand by my servant too, that Mr. Maclaymore agrees with us, in his sentiments of Monsieur de Champignon; and disapproves

proves of his taking our boat, as an unwarrantable insult offered to the British nation.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul! I told him so before you came aboard.—As for ensign Maclaymore, there is not a prettier fellow in seven of the best counties in Ireland—as brave as a heron, my dear—arrah, the devil burn him if he fears any man that never wore a head—Ay, and a great scholar to boot—he can talk Latin and Irish as well as the archbishop of Armagh.—Did'n't you know we are sworn brothers—tho' I'm his senior officer, and spaik the French more fluid, gra.

S C E N E VIII.

HEARTLY. OCLABBER. BRUSH.

BRUSH.

O Lord, sir! all the fat's in the fire.

OCLABBER.

Arrah what's a fire honey?

BRUSH.

All our fine project gone to pot! — “We
“ may now hang up our harps among the willows,
“ and sit down and weep by Babel's streams.”

HEARTLY.

What does the blockhead mean?

BRUSH.

One of our foolish fellows has blabbed that Miss Harriet is not your sister, but your mistress; and this report has been carried to Monsieur de Champignon, whom I left below in the cabin, taxing her with dissimulation, and threatening to confine her for life. — He sings, capers, swears and storms in a breath! — I have seen Bedlam: but an English lunatic at full moon, is a very sober

ber animal when compared to a Frenchman in a passion.

HEARTLY.

I care not for his passion or his power — By Heaven! he shall not offer the least violence to my Harriet, while a drop of blood circulates in my veins! — I'll assault him, tho' unarmed, and die in her defence —

[Going.

OCLABBER.

Won't you be easy now? — your dying signifies nothing at all, honey; for, if you should be killed in the fray, what excuse would you make to the young lady's relations, for leaving her alone in the hands of the enemy? — by my saoul! you'd look very foolish. — Take no notice at all, and give yourself no trouble about the matter — and if he should ravish your mistress, by my salvation! I would take upon me to put him under arrest.

HEARTLY.

The villain dares not think of committing such an outrage!

OCLABBER.

Devil confound me! but I'd never desire a better joke — Och! then my dear, you'd see how I'd trim him — you should have satisfaction to your heart's content.

HEARTLY.

Distraction! — If you will not give me your assistance, I'll fly alone to her defence.

BRUSH.

Zooks! sir, you're as mad as he. — You'll ruin us all past redemption. — What the deuce are you afraid of? — Ravish! — An atomy like that pretend to ravish! No, no: he'll ravish nothing but our goods and chattels, and these he has disposed of already. — Besides, Miss Harriet, when his back was turned, desired me to conjure you in her name, to take care of yourself: for Champignon would have no pretence to confine her, if you was out of the way.

OCLABBER.

OCLABBER.

O'my conscience, a very sensible young woman! When there are two lovers in the caase, 'tis natural to wish one of them away.—Come along with me, honey; we'll hold a council of war with ensign Maclaymore—perhaps he may contrive mains to part you.—No man knows better how to make a soldierly retreat.

BRUSH.

Soldierly or unsoldierly, it signifies not a button—so we do but escape, I shall be glad to get away at any rate, even if I should fly like a thief from the gallows.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you, my dear! your a wag.—Arrah, who told you that my friend Maclaymore escaped from the gallows? —By my saoul! 'tis all *fortune de la guerre*.—Indeed, indeed, I would never desire to command a better corps than what I could form out of the honest gentlemen you have hanged in England.

HEARTLY.

I'm so confounded and perplexed in consequence of this unlucky discovery, that I can't start one distinct thought, much less contribute to any scheme that requires cool deliberation.

OCLABBER.

Arrah faith, my dear, we must leave those things to wiser heads.—For my own part, I'm a soldier, and never burden my brain with unnecessary baggage.

I won't pretend to lead, but I follow in the throng; And as I don't think at all, I can never think wrong.

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[A great noise and bustle behind the scenes.]

MACLAYMORE. CHAMPIGNON.

CHAMPIGNON *running upon the stage in a ridiculous disshabille.*

Prenez garde qu'elle ne vous echappe! — aux armes! — Monf. le Second — contre maitre — la chaloupe! la chaloupe!

MACLAYMORE.

[Overturning him as if thro' mistake.]

As I fall answar, the folks are a' gaen daft! — deel stap out your een! I'm nae sic midge but ye might a seen me in your porridge.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah meurtre! assassins! vous avez tué votre commandant! — holla ho! mes gens, a moi.

MACLAYMORE.

Hout, na! it canna be our commander Monsieur de Champignon, running about in the dark like a worricow! — Preserye us a'! it's the vara man — weel I wot, Sir, I'm right sorry to find you in sic a pickle — but, wha thought to meet with you playing at blind Harry on deck?

CHAMPIGNON.

[Rising.]

Ventre saingris! my whole brain be derangée! — Traître! you be in de complot.

MACLAYMORE.

Traiter me nae traiter, Mester Champignon, or gude faith! you and I man ha' our kail thro' the reek.

CHAMPIGNON.

Were be de prisoniers? — tell a me dat — ha! — mort de ma vie! de Englis vaisseau! — de prise!
de

de prisonniers! — sacrebleu! ma gloire! mes richesses! rendez moi les prisonniers — you be de enseigne, you be de officier.

MACLAYMORE.

Troth, I ken foo weel I'm an officer — I wuss some other people who haud their heeds unco high, ken'd the respect due to an officer, we should na be fashed with a' this din.

CHAMPIGNON.

Tell a me au moment, were be Monsieur 'Artlie? were be de prisonniers? wat you beat my brain wid your *sottises*?

MACLAYMORE.

Nay, sin ye treat me with sa little ceremony, I man tell you, Mester Heartly was na committed to my charge, and sae ye may gang and leuk after him — and as for prisoners, I ken of nae prisoners but your ain valet whom ye ordered to be put in irons this morning for supping part of your *bouillon*, and if the poor fallow had na done the deed I think he must have starved for want of victuals.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! Monsieur Maclaimore, you distrait me wid your babil — I demand de Englis prisonniers — m'entendez vous?

MACLAYMORE.

Monsieur de Champignon, je vous entens bien — there was nae English prisoner here — for I man tell you, Sir, that if ever you had read *Grotius de Jure Belli ac Pacis* — or *Puffendorf de officio Hominis & Civis* — ye wad a' seen he could na be in the predicament of a *captus in bello*, or an *obses* or *vades* — for what? ye'll say — because he was na teuk *flagrante bello* — ergo he was nae prisoner of war — now what says the learned *Puffendorf*?

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment! you call me Puff-and-horf? ventrebleu! you be one impertinent.

MAC-

MACLAYMORE.

What, what! ——— that's a paughty word,
Sir — that's nae langage for a gentleman — nae
mair o' that, or gude faith we'll forget where we
are.

CHAMPIGNON.

Morbleu! you ave forget dat I be your general
— your chief.

MACLAYMORE.

By my faul man! that's strange news indeed! —
You my chief! you chief of the Macclaymores!

CHAMPIGNON.

Si, moi, rustre ——— moi qui vous parle.

MACLAYMORE.

Donna rustre me, Sir, or deel dam my faul, but
I'll wraft your head aff your shoulders, if ye was
the best Champignon in France.

[They draw and fight.]

S C E N E II.

OCLABBER, CHAMPIGNON, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Devil fire you my lads! what's the maining of
all this disturbance? ——— o' my conscience!
there's no such thing as resting below ——— a man
would lie as quiet at the bottom of the sea ———
I've been a bed these tree hours, but I could not
close an eye, gra; for, you waked me before I fell
asleep.

[Pretending to discover Champignon.]

Arrah, now do'nt I dream, honey? what is it your
own self Monsieur de Champignon, going to at-
tack my ensign? ——— by my faul! that's not so
shivil now, aboard of your own ship ——— Gentle-
men, I put you both under arrest in the king's name
—— “ you shall see one another locked in your
“ cabins

“cabins with your own hands;” and then, if you cut one another’s throats, by the blessed Virgin! you shall be brought to a court martial, and tried for your lives, agra,

MACLAYMORE. [*Sheathing his sword.*

Weel, weel, Sir, — ye’re my commanding officer — *tuum est imperare* — but, he and I shall meet before mountains meet — that’s a’.

CHAMPIGNON to OCLABBER.

Vat! you presume to *entremettre* in mes affaires d’honneur — you ave de hardiesse to dispute wid me de command of dis Vaisseau de Guerre? — tell a me, if you know my condition, ha?

OCLABBER.

Indeed, indeed my dear, I believe your present condition is not very savoury — but, if ensign Maclaymore had made you shorter by the head, your condition would have been still worse — and yet upon my conscience! I have seen a man command such a frigate as this, without any head at all,

CHAMPIGNON.

Monsieur O-claw-bear, you *mocquez* de moi — you not seem to know my noblesse — dat I descend of de bonne famille — dat my progéniteurs ave bear de honourable *cotte* — de *cotte* of antiquité.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul! when I knew you first, you bore a very old coat yourself, my dear; for it was thread-bare and out at elbows.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah! la mauvaise plaisanterie. — daignez, my goot lieutenant O-claw-bear, to onderstand dat I ave de grands alliances — du bien — de rente — dat I ave regale des princes in my chateau.

Och!

50 The REPRISAL: or,

OCLABBER.

Och! I beg your chateau's pardon, grammachree! I have had the honour to see it on the banks of the Garonne — and by my saoul! a very venerable building it was — aye, and very well bred to boot, honey; for, it stood always uncovered: and never refused entrance to any passenger, even tho' it were the wind and the rain, gra.

CHAMPIGNON.

You pretendez to know my famille, ha?

OCLABBER.

By saint Patrick! I know them as well as the father that bore them — your nephew is a begging brother of the order of St. Francis — Mademoiselle, your sister, espoused an eminent *savatier* in the county of *Bearne*; and your own self, my dear, first mounted the stage as a charlatan; then served the count de *Bardasch* for your diversion; and now by the king's favour, you command a frigate of twelve guns, lying at anchor within the province of Normandy.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah quelle medifance! — que vous imaginez bien Monsieur — but, I vill represent your conduite to des Marechaux of France: and dey will convince you dat Monsieur de Champignon is one personne of some consideration — un charlatan! — mardy! dat be ver plaisant. — Messieurs, serviteur — I go to give de necessaires ordres pour r'attraper de Englis chaloupe — jusque au revoir — Charlatan! — Savatier! — Mort de ma vie!

Exit.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, you'll see the chaloupe far enough out of sight, by this time.

MACLAYMORE.

By may faul! captain, ye sent him awa' with a flea in his bonnet ——— He'll no care to wrestle anither fa' with you in a hurry ——— he had the wrang fow by the lug.

OCLABBER.

If he will be after playing at rubbers, he must expect to meet with bowls ——— pooh! I main, he must look to meet with bowls, if he will be playing at rubbers ——— arra man deaul! that's not the thing neither ——— but, you know my maining, as the saying is.

MACLAYMORE.

Hoot, aye — I've warrant I ken how to gar your bools row right — and troth I canna help thinking but I played my part pretty weel for a beginner.

OCLABBER.

For a beginner! ——— Devil fetch me! but you played like a man that jokes in earnest ——— but your joke was like to cut too keen, honey, when I came to part you ——— and yet I came as soon as you tipped me the wink with your finger.

MACLAYMORE.

Let that flie stick i'the wa' ——— when the dirt's dry it will rub out ——— but, now we man tak care of the poor wafflassy that's left under our protection, and defend her from the maggots of this daft Frenchman.

OCLABBER.

I will be after confining him to his cabin, if he offers to touch a hair of her beard, agra.

MAC-

MACLAYMORE.

It's now break of day — donna ye see the bonny grey eyed morn blinking o'er yon mossy craig? — We'll e'en gang down and tak a tasse of whisky together, and then see what's to be done for Miss Harriet. *Exeant.*

SCENE IV.

HARRIET. BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Lord! I'm in such a flutter — What was the meaning of all that noise? — Brush, are you sure your master is out of all danger of being recaptured?

BRUSH.

Yes, yes, Madam, safe enough for this bout — The two land officers performed their parts to a miracle — My Master and our people slipped into the boat, without being disturbed by the centries who were tutored for the purpose; and they were almost out of sight, before Champignon was alarmed by a starved Frenchman, whose hunger kept him awake — but, now they have doubled the point of land, and in four hours or so will be in sight of sweet Old England — I'm sure, I sent many a wishful look after them.

HARRIET.

What! you are sorry then for having stayed behind with me?

BRUSH.

O! by no manner of means, Ma'am — to be sure you did me an infinite deal of honour, Ma'am, in desiring that I might be left, when you spoke to my Master thro' the barricado — but, yet, Ma'am, I have such a regard for Mr. Heartly, Ma'am; that I should be glad to share all his dangers,

gers. Ma'am — tho' after all is done and said, I don't think it was very kind in him to leave his Mistress, and faithful servant in such a dilemma.

HARRIET.

Nay, don't accuse your Master unjustly — you know how unwillingly he complied with my request — we could not guess what villanous steps this fellow, Champignon, might have taken to conceal his rapine, which Mr. Heartly will now have an opportunity to represent in its true colours.

BRUSH.

Well --- heaven grant him success, and that speedily — for my own part, I have been so long used to his company, that I grow quite chicken-hearted in his absence — If I had broke my leg two days ago, I should n't have been in this quandary — God forgive the man that first contrived parties of pleasure on the water.

HARRIET.

Hang fear, Brush, and pluck up your courage -- I have some small skill in physiognomy, and can assure you it is not your fate to die by water — Ha! I see the captain coming this way — I must bear the brunt of another storm.

BRUSH.

Odso! I'll run down to lieutenant Oclabber, and his ensign, and give them notice, in case there should be occasion to interpose. *Exit Brush.*

SCENE V.

CHAMPIGNON. HARRIET.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, you pardon my presumption, dat I pay ma devoirs in dishabille — bot it be all for your service — Monsieur your amant ave decampé sans façon — I take de alarm, and make all

C

my

34 The REPRISAL: or,

my efforts to procure you de plaisir of seeing him again — Ah! he be de gallant homme to abandon his Maitresse.

HARRIET.

Is there no possibility of bringing him back?

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! it be tout a fait impossible — he steal comme one thief into de chaloupe, and vanish in de obscurité!

HARRIET.

I'm heartily glad to hear it.

CHAMPIGNON.

For wat you be glad, my princess, ha?

HARRIET.

That he's no longer in your power.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon! --- juste ciel! --- how you make me happy to see you glad, Madame! la, la, la, ra ra —
Ventre bleu! he be one fugitif — if we re-
contre again, Revanche! Revanche! la, la, la,
ra, ra — Permettez donc, Madame, dat I ave
de honeur to languish before your feet — ave
pitie of me — take my sword — plongez
dans my bosom — Ah! Larron! perfide! ---
la, la, la, ra, ra.

[He sings, kneels, and dances by turns.

Monsieur Artlie is not in my power — bon!
— but, by Gar! Madame, you know who is,
hah!

HARRIET.

As for me, my sex protects me — I am here
indeed, a prisoner and alone; but you will not,
you dare not treat me with indignity.

CHAMPIGNON.

Dare not! --- Bravo --- shew to me de man vil
say I dare not — ça --- ha --- hah!

[Capers about.

HAR-

HARRIET.

You're in such a dancing humour, 'tis pity you should want musick — Shall I sing you a song?

CHAMPIGNON.

Ah cruelle! ——— you gouverne wid souverain empire over my 'art ——— you rouse me into one storm ——— you sing me into one calm.

S O N G.

I.

Let the nymph still avoid, and be deaf to the swain
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shewn;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-
blown.

II.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the
heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt woe
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

III.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But, when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

S C E N E VI.

CHAMPIGNON, HARRIET, BRUSH.

BRUSH.

News! news! there's an English man of war's
boat along side, with a flag of truce.

CHAMPIGNON.

Comment! ——— Madame, you ave de bonté

to retire to your cabane — I go dress my self, and
give de audience. *Exit Champignon.*

S C E N E VII.

HARRIET, BRUSH.

HARRIET.

O Brush! Brush! how my little heart palpitates
with fear and suspense! — What does the arrival
of this boat portend?

BRUSH.

Our deliverance from the hands of the Philistines,
I hope — it could not arrive at a more season-
able juncture; for my spirits are quite flagged---
not that I'm so much concerned on my own ac-
count, Ma'am ----but, I can't be insensible to your
danger, Ma'am — I should be an ungrateful
wretch if I did not feel for one that is so dear to
Mr. Heartly, Ma'am.

HARRIET.

Really, Mr. Brush, you seem to have improved
mightily in politeness, since you lived among these
French Gentlemen.

BRUSH.

Lived, Ma'am! — I have been dying hourly
since I came aboard; and that politeness which you
are pleased to mention, Ma'am, is nothing but sneak-
ing fear and henheartedness, which I believe (God
forgive me) is the true source of all French polite-
ness; a kind of poverty of spirit, or want of sin-
cerity — I should be very proud to be drubbed
in England for my insolence and ill-breeding.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll soon be drubbed to your
heart's content — When we revisit our own
country, you shall have all my interest towards the
accomplishment of your wish — mean while
do

do me the favour to make further inquiry about this same flag of truce, and bring an account of what shall pass, to my cabin, where I shall wait for you with the utmost impatience. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Block, and another Seaman.

Block.

Smite my limbs, Sam, if the lieftenant do clap her aboard, here is no plunder — nothing but rags and vermin, as the saying is — we shall share nothing but the guns and the head-money — if you call those heads that have no bodies belonging to 'un. — Mind that there scarecrow — see how his cloth hangs in the wind — Adzooks! the fellow has got no stowage — he's all upper work and head-sail — I'll be damn'd if the first hard squall don't blow him into the air like the peeling of an onion.

To him BRUSH.

Heh! — how! — no sure! — Yes faith but it is — Odsó! cousin Block, who thought to meet with you among the French?

Block.

What chear ho? — How does mother Margery? — meet me among the French? Agad! I'd never desire better pastime than to be among 'em with a good cutlath in my hand, and a brace of pistols in my girdle — Why look you, brother, hearing as how you and your mistress were wind-bound, we are come along side to tow you into the offing.

BRUSH.

The lord reward you, cousin — but, what if this damned Frenchman should refuse to part with us?

Block.
 Why then, lieutenant Lyon is a cruising to windward of that there head-land — he'll be along side in half a glass, fall under your stern, clap his helm a starboard, rake you fore and aft, and send the Frenchman and every soul on board, to the devil, in the turning of an handspike.

Brush.
 The devil, he will! — but cousin, what must become of me then?

Block.
 Thereafter as it may be — You must take your hap, I do suppose — we sailors never mind those things — every shot has its commission, d'ye see — we must all die one time, as the saying is — if you go down now, it may save your going aloft another time, brother.

Brush.
 O! curse your comfort.

Block.
 Heark ye, brother, this is a cold morning — have you picked up never a runlet along shore? — What d'ye say to a slug?

Brush.
 Slug! — O, I understand you —

[Fetches a keg of brandy, which Block sets to his head.]

Block.
 Right Nantz, strike my topfails! — Odds heart! this is the only thing in France that agrees with an Englishman's constitution. — Let us drink out their brandy, and then knock out their brains — This is the way to demolish the spirit of the French. — An Englishman will fight at a minute's warning, brother — but a Frenchman's heart must be buoyed up with brandy — No more keg, no more courage.

Brush.
 T'other pull, cousin,

Block.

BLOCK.

Avast, avast ——— no more canvas than we can carry ——— we know the trim of our own vessel. ———
Smite my cross trees! We begin to yaw already ———
Hiccup. ———

BRUSH.

Odso! our commander is coming upon deck, to give audience to your midshipman.

BLOCK.

Steady.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH,
TOM HAULYARD an English midshipman.

CHAMPIGNON.

Eh bien, Monsieur, qui souhaite il?

HAULYARD.

Anan ——— Monseer sweat he! ——— Agad!
I believe, if we come along side of you, we'll make you all sweat.

MACLAYMORE.

That's mair than ye can tell, my lad ——— ye may gar me sweat with fechtin'; but it's no in your breeks to gar me sweat with fear.

OCLABBER.

You may sweat me after I'm dead, honey ——— but, by the blessed Virgin! you shall not sweat me alive ——— and so you may be after delivering your message, gra.

HAULYARD.

If it wa'n't for such as you that shew your own country the fore-top-sail, wold our enemy's cable, and mann their quarters, they would never ride out the gale, or dare to shew their colours at sea ——— but howsomever, we'll leave that bowling to the block, as the saying is ——— if so be as how, that there

Frenchman is commander of this here vessel, I have orders from my officer to demand an English young woman, with all her baggage and thingumbobs, that he took yesterday out of a pleasure-boat, belonging to one Mr. Heartly of Dorsetshire, who slipped the painter this morning.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mardy! de commission be very peremptoire! --- ecoute mon ami, vat you call Monsieur your commandant?

HAULYARD.

I don't take in your palaver, not I --- and may hap, you don't know my lingo; but, agad! we'll soon make you understand plain English.

OCLABBER.

Monsieur Champignon wants to know who is your commanding officer, honey.

HAULYARD.

Who should it be, but lieutenant Lyon of the Triton man of war of sixty guns? as bold a heart as ever crack'd biscuit.

CHAMPIGNON.

Bon! --- suppose dat I refuse de demand of Monsieur Lionne?

HAULYARD.

Suppose! --- if you do, he'll run you alongside, yard arm and yard arm, and blow you out of the water; that's all.

CHAMPIGNON.

By Gar! he vill find himself mistaken: here is not vater for one sixty gun ship — (*aside*) Heark you me, Monsieur vat is your name, tell Monsieur Lioni dat I am called Michel, Sanson, Goluat de Champignon, Marquis de Vermisseau — dat I ave de honeur to serve de king — dat fear be one bagatelle of wich I ave de Mepris — dat I regard you ambassade as de Galimatias — dat my courage suffice to attack one whole Englis escadre;

escadre; and dat if Monsr. Lionne be disposed to rendre moi un'visite, I shall ave de gloire to chastise his presumption; so I permette you go your way.

MACLAYMORE.

" *Dissentio*—bide you Billy—there's nae clerk
" here I trow—weel, lieutenant Oclabber, I tak
" instruments in your haund against the proceed-
" ings of Captain Champignon, wha has incarce-
" rate the English leddy, contrair to the law of
" nature and nations. Now, cocky, ye may
" gang about your business; when ye come back,
" I'll tauk with you in another stile.

OCLABBER.

" For my own part, Honey, I shall be after
" shewing you some diversion in the way of my
" duty; büt, I taake you to witness that I have
" no hand in detaining the lady who is plaised to
" favour us with her company against her own
" consent, gra.

HAULYARD.

May hap you may trust to your shoal water—
if you do you're taken all aback, brother: for,
lieutenant Lyon commands a tender of twelve guns
and fifty stout hands, that draws less than this here
frigate by the streak; and—heh!—agad! yonder
she comes round the point with a flowing sail—
b'w'ye Monseer Champignon; all hands to quar-
ters; up with your white rag; I doubt my officer
and I will taste some of your soupe meagre by
that time you pipe to dinner. [Exit,

S C E N E X.

CHAMPIGNON, OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, BRUSH.

CHAMPIGNON.

Mort de ma vie! je ne vous attendois pas fitot,
a quelle

a quelle coté faut il que je me tourne? sacrebleu!

[*aside.*

Messieurs, I demand your conseil; you protest against my conduite; if you tink me ave done de injustice, you vil find me tout a fait raisonnable; we render Mademoiselle to de Englis; for I juge it bien mal a-propos to engage de enemy, wen de spirit of contradiction reign among ourselves.

OCLABBER.

Faith and troth! my dear, the contradiction is all over; you have nothing to do but to station your men; and as for Mr. Maclaymore and my own shelf, the English cannon may make our legs and arms play at loggerheads in the air, Honey; but we'll stand by you for the glory of France, in spite of the devil and all his works, gra.

MACLAYMORE.

Never fash your noddle about me: conscience! I'll be the first to cry *barley*.

OCLABBER.

Ensign Maclaymore, I order you to go and take possession of the forecastle with your division, Honey. I wish they may stand fire 'till you're all knock'd o'the head, gra; but, I'm afraid they're no better than dunghills; for they were raised from the *Canaille* of Paris. — And now I'll go and put the young lady below water, where she may laugh in her own sleeve, gra; for if the ship should be blown up in the engagement, she is no more than a passenger you know; and then she'll be released without ransom.

BRUSH.

God bless you, captain Oclabber, for your generosity to my poor lady: I was ordered by my master to give her close attendance; and tho' I have a great curiosity to see the battle, Miss Harriet must by no means be left alone.

[*Exeunt* Oclabber, Maclaymore and Brush.

S C E N E

SCENE XI.

CHAMPIGNON.

Ventre saingris! que ferai-je? Je me sens tout embrouillé—ces autre Anglois sont si précipitées! que diable les etouffe. Allons! Aux armes! matelots—mes enfans! chardon—chifon—ortie—fumiere—l'hibou—la faim—allons—vite, vite—aux armes!

[A crew of tatterdemalions running up and down the deck in confusion—the noise of cannon and musquetry.

Ah mon bon dieu! ayez pitie de moi encore—qu'on m'apporte de l'eau de vie. Ah miserable pecheur!—je suis mort!—je suis enterré!—ah! voila assez mes enfans—cessez—desistez—il faut amener—Monsieur O-claw-bear—lieutenant O-claw-bear—

SCENE XII.

OCLABBER, [behind the Scenes.

Holloa! —

CHAMPIGNON.

Laissez — laissez — leave off your fire—de ennemi be too strong—we ave abaissée le drapeau—I command you leave off—

OCLABBER.

Leave off! arrah for what?

CHAMPIGNON.

De ennemi vil accord no quartier.

OCLABBER.

Devil burn your quarter!—what signifies quarter when we're all kill'd. The men are lying along the deck like so many paise; and there is such an abominable stench, gra—by my saoul! I believe they were all rotten before they died.

[coming upon the stage.
Arrah

Arrah mon deaul! I believe the English have made a compact with the Devil to do such execution; for my ensign has lost all his men too but the piper, and they two have cleared the forecattle sword in hand.

BRUSH. *[in great trepidation.]*

O Lord! Mr. Oclabber, your ensign is playing the Devil —— hacking and hewing about him like a fury; for the love of God interpose, my master is come aboard, and if they should meet there will be murder.

OCLABBER.

By my saoul! I know he has a regard for Mr. Heartly, and if he kills him it will be in the way of friendship, Honey——howsoemever, if there's any mischeif done, I'll go and prevent it.

[Exit Oclabber.]

S C E N E XIII.

CHAMPIGNON, lieutenant LYON, HEARTLY, HAULYARD, BRUSH, BLOCK, and English sailors.

CHAMPIGNON.

[throwing himself on his knees and presenting his sword.]

Ah! misericorde, Mons. Artlie, quartier —— quartier, pour l'amour de Dieu!

HEARTLY.

I have no time to mind such trifles —— where is my Harriet?

BRUSH.

I'll shew you the way to the poor solitary pigeon——Ah, master, this is a happy day!

[Exeunt Heartly and Brush.]

S C E N E

SCENE XIV.

OCLABBER, MACLAYMORE, lieutenant LYON,
HAULYARD, CHAMPIGNON, &c.

OCLABBER, [*delivering his sword.*
Gentlemen, your's is the fortune of the day.
You ought to be kind to us, for we have given
you very little trouble. — Our commander
there, is a very shivil person, gra; he don't trust
after the blood of his enemy. As for the soldiers, I
shall say nothing; but upon my saoul! now they're
the nimblest dead men I ever saw in the days of
my life! about two minutes agoe they were ly-
ing like so many slaughtered sheep, and now they
are all scamper'd off about their business.

MACLAYMORE.
As I shall answer it's a black burning shame! and
I hope the king will order them to be decimated,
that is, every tenth man to be hanged in terrorem.

OCLABBER.
By my salvation! if the king will take my ad-
vice, every single man of them shall be decimated.

SCENE the last.

To them HEARTLY, *leading in Harriet.*

HEARTLY [*embracing Oclabber and Maclaymore.*

Gentlemen, I'm heartily glad of having an op-
portunity to return, in some measure, the civilities
you have shewn to this young lady. Mr. Lyon, I
beg you'll order their swords to be restored; they
were in no shape necessary to our grievances.

OCLABBER [*receiving his sword.*

Mr. Lyon, you're extraimly polite; and I hope
I shall never die 'till I have an opportunity to re-
turn the compliment. Madam, I wish you joy of
our misfortune, with all my saoul.

LYON,

LYON.

I a'n't used to make speeches, Madam, but I'm very glad it was in my power to serve such a fine lady, especially as my old school-fellow Heartly is so much concerned in your deliverance. As for this fair weather spark, Monsieur de Champignon, if he can't shew a commission authorizing him to make depredations on the English, I shall order him to be hoisted up to the yard's arm by the neck as a pyrate; but if he can produce his orders, he shall be treated as a prisoner of war, tho' not before he has restored what he pilfer'd from you! and Mr. Heartly.

HARRIET.

At that rate I'm afraid I shall lose an admirer. You see, Monsieur de Champignon, the old proverb fulfilled; hanging and marriage go by destiny: yet I should be very sorry to occasion even the death of a sinner.

CHAMPIGNON.

Madame, I implore your pitie and clemence; Monsieur Artie, I am one pauvre miserable not worth your revanche.

Enter BLOCK drunk, with a portmanteau on his shoulder.

BLOCK.

Thus and no near—— bear a hand my hearts——
[lays it down, opens it, takes out and puts on a tawdry suit of Champignon's cloaths.]
 By your leave, Tinsley—— Odds heart! these braces are so raught, I must keep my yards square, as the saying is.

LYON.

Ahey!—— what the Devil have we got here?—
 how now, Block?

BLOCK.

All's fair plunder between decks—— we ha'n't broke

broke bulk, I'll assure you—stand clear—I'll soon overhaul the rest of the cargo.

[pulls out a long leathern queue with red ribbons.]

What's here? the tiller of a monkey!—s'blood the fellow has no more brains than a noddy, to leave the red ropes hanging over his stern, whereby the enemy may board him off the poop.

[The next thing that appears, is a very coarse canvas shirt with very fine lac'd ruffles.]

This here is the right trim of a Frenchman—all ginger-bread work, flourish and compliment aloft, and all rags and rottenness alow.

[draws out a plume of feathers.]
Adzooks! this is Mounseer's vane, that like his fancy, veers with every puff to all the points of the compass—Hark'ee, Sam—the nob must needs be damnably light that's rigg'd with such a deal of feather. The French are so well fledg'd no wonder they're so ready to fly.

[finds a pocket glass, a paper of Rouge and Spanish wool, with which he daubs his face.]

Swing the swivel-ey'd son of a whore! he fights under false colours like a pirate—here's a lubberly dog, he dares not shew his own face to the weather.

CHAMBRIGNON.

Ah! Monsieur de Belokke, ave compassion—

BLOCK.

Don't be afraid, Frenchman—you see I have hoisted your jacket, tho' I struck your ensign—we Englishmen never cut throats in cold blood: the best way of beating the French is to spare all their Champignons—Odd's heart! I would all their commanders were of your trim, brother; we'd soon have the French navy at Spirhead.

LYON.

But in the mean time I shall have you to the gangway, you drunken swab.

BLOCK.

BLOCK.

Swab!—I did swab the fore-castle clear of the enemy, that I must confess.

LYON.

None of your jaw, you lubber.

BLOCK.

Lubber!—Man and boy, twenty years in the service—lubber!—Ben Block was the man that taught thee, Tom Lyon, to hand, reef, and steer—so much for the service of old England—But go thy ways, Ben, thy timbers are crazy, thy planks are started, and thy bottom is foul—I have seen the day when thou would'st have shewn thy colours with the best o'un.

LYON.

Peace, porpuss.

BLOCK.

I am a porpuss; for I spout salt water, d'ye see. I'll be damn'd if grief and sorrow ha'n't set my eye-pumps a-going.

HARRIET.

Come Mr. Block, I must make you friends with lieutenant Lyon—As he has been your pupil, he must be an able navigator; and this is no time for our able seamen to fall out among themselves.

BLOCK.

Why, look ye here, mistress, I must confess, as how, he's as brisk a seaman as ever greas'd a marlinspike—I'll turn 'un a drift with e'er a he that ever reefed a foresail—A will fetch up his lee-way with a wet sail, as the saying is—and as for my own part, d'ye see, I have stood by him with my blood—and my heart—and my liver, in all weathers—blow high—blow low.

HARRIET.

Well, I hope you'll live to see and sail with him as an admiral.

BLOCK.

"I doubt a must be hove down firft, keel out of the water, Miftrefs, and be well scrubbed, d'ye fee — then a may to fea when a wool, and hoift the union flag — Stand clear, John Frenchman — "The Royal Sovereign of England will ride "triumphant over the waves," as the fong goes.

LYON.

And now for you, Monsieur Champignon.

CHAMPIGNON.

Monsieur Lionne, I ave not altogether contradicted, but, perhaps, a littel exceeded my ordres, wich were to take one English chaloupe for intelligence.

HEARTLY.

Well — I'm perfuaded Mr. Lyon will not be very fevere in his scrutiny; and, to fhew that we Englifhmen can forgive injuries, and fight without malice, give me your hand — I can't part with my miftrefs; but in other refpects I am Monsieur de Champignon's humble fervant.

LYON.

I was once taken by the French, who ufed me nobly. — I'm a witness of their valour, and an instance of their politeness — but there are Champignon's in every fervice — While France ufes us like friends, we will return her civilities: when ſhe breaks her treaties and grows insolent, we will drub her over to her good behaviour — Jack Haulyard, you have got a fong to the purpofe, that won't, I believe, be difagreeable to the company.

S O N G.

Behold! my brave Britons, the fair ſpringing gale,
Fill a bumper and tofs off your glaffes:
Buſs and part with your frolickſome laſſes;
Then aboard and unfurl the wide flowing fail.

D

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

II.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we cheerfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to morrow while sure of to day.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

III.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other musick than catches;
Mann our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

CHORUS.

While British oak, &c.

IV.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN,

AYE — now I can with pleasure look around,
 Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English ground. —
 In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
 Mists roaring, thund'ring, danger and dismay :
 Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet —
 Might damp the heart of any Virgin pullet. —
 I dread to think what might have come to pass,
 Had not the British Lyon quell'd the Gallic As —
 By Champignon a wretched victim led
 To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed.
 My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent :
 As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
 His gallantry, so confident and eager,
 Had prov'd a mess of delicate soupe — maigre.
 To bootless longings I had fallen a martyr :
 But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.
 Yet soft — our author's fate you must decree :
 Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea ?
 Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
 Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore. —
 Ye wits above restrain your awful thunder :
 In his first cruise, 'twere pity he should founder. [To the gall:
 Safe from your shot he fears no other foe,
 Nor gulph, but that which horrid yawns below. [To the pit.
 The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
 Have here been tam'd with — pippin and potatoe.
 Our bard embarks in a more christian cause,
 He craves not mercy ; but he claims applause.
 His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
 Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
 Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
 Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
 But if this welkin angry clouds deform,
 [Looking round the house.
 And hollow groans portend the approaching storm :
 Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble, [To the gall.
 And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble, [To the pit.
 He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

